

AUGUST 7, 1925

# *The* AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*



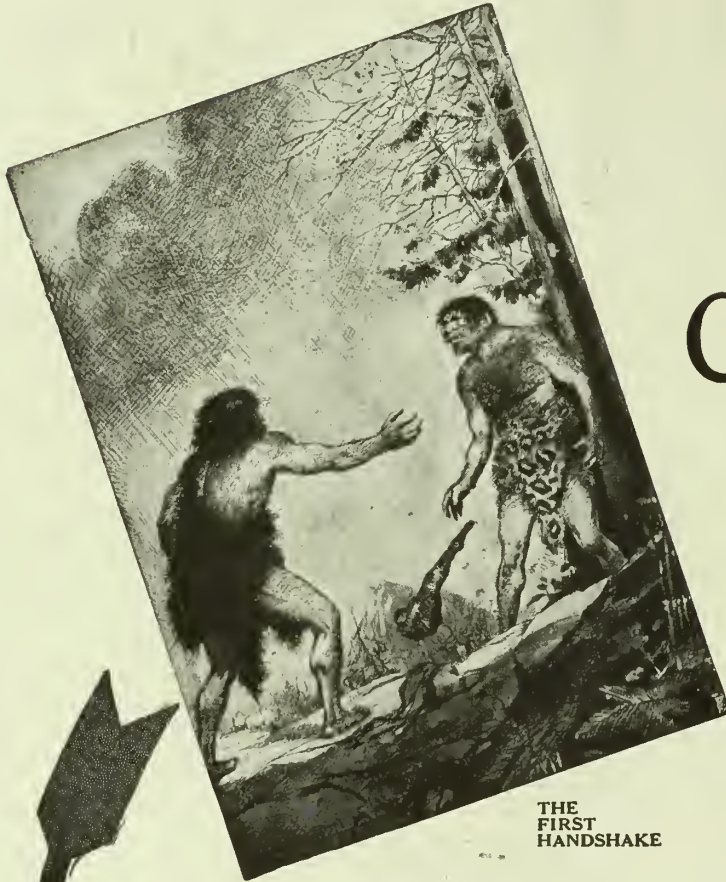


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# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



THE motto of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World is "Truth." As one means of making that motto mean something, the organization has a National Vigilance Committee whose duty it is to watch for any infringement of that motto affecting the advertising world. The National Vigilance Committee wrote the Weekly recently asking about the fake veteran magazine situation. Most Legionnaires are familiar with this situation, especially those in the larger cities, for the fake veteran magazine has been a more profitable venture in the big centers than in the small towns. There are more people to sell in the big cities. And, having sold them, it is easier for the salesman to do a fadeout and get lost in the crowd.

\* \* \*

NEARLY three years ago the Weekly had the pleasure of exposing a few of these mushroom (or rather toadstool) publications. In the issue for November 24, 1922, appeared an article called "Wallingfords in (or Near) O. D.," written by Frederick C. Painton, who is now Director of The American Legion News Service, and who, to secure the data for his article, visited the offices of several questionable publications and offered his services as a salesman. Neither the Weekly nor Mr. Painton is vain enough to think that the printing of this article put many of the fly-by-night magazines out of business. Some of them did disappear, but plenty of others were left. The Weekly article did, however, serve as a warning to Legionnaires not to fall for the game.

\* \* \*

THE number of fake veteran magazines has fallen off markedly in the past two years for the reason that the help-a-poor-soldier game hasn't been nearly so profitable as it used to be. This is due in some measure to the mere passage of time. A week after the Johnstown flood it was doubtless possible to carry a sign saying "Flood Victim", hold out a hat and collect. (We don't know that anybody ever did that, but we're just using it as an example.) A couple of years later a deadbeat had to have something new. People had either forgotten about the flood or knew that genuine flood sufferers had already been cared for by recognized relief agencies. The same thing is true of the war

veteran and the fake veteran magazine. The game is played out—almost.

\* \* \*

NEVERTHELESS the fake veteran magazine does still exist. And the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World wants to know the facts about them. It therefore has asked the Weekly to pass on to Legionnaires this request: If you know of any such publications—if a down-at-heel individual tries to hornswoggle you out of a dime or a quarter for a copy of a help-the-soldiers paper—pass on to the committee all the facts you can get. You will be doing a service to the cause of truth, to the cause of the honest disabled veteran, to the cause of veteranism generally, and to the cause of those veteran organizations and veteran publications which are reputable. The address of the Committee is 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

\* \* \*

SEVERAL items appeared in the Weekly a year and more ago concerning the Comptroller General's interpretation of the Act of June 15, 1917, bearing on the right of enlisted men to pay at \$100 per month while in training for commissions. The Comptroller General ruled that men who enlisted for the express purpose of attending an Officers' Training Camp were not entitled to the difference in pay of their enlisted grade and \$100 per month during their period of training. The Court of Claims of the United States in a recent

decision has ruled that the claimant is entitled to this difference in pay. As it is probable that the Comptroller will not allow payment in analogous cases, it will be necessary, in order to press claims, for claimants to institute suit in the Court of Claims of the United States, which will render judgment as a matter of course. As these claims will be forever barred by the statute of limitations from prosecution after six years from the date of claimant's discharge, suit should be instituted at once. The National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., will render all possible assistance in connection with these claims.

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## SEVENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION

### OMAHA

OCTOBER 5th to 9th



## *A Tale of the D. C. I.*

By KARL W.  
DETZER

*Illustrated by*  
V. E. Pyles

And had you seen Mignette, close to the door, if you were like most doughboys, you might have murmured "Oo-la-la" (to yourself, of course), and planned a comfortable meal there some time

# *The Purple Pocketbook*

**F**LOYD HARVEY, private first class, of up-state New York, had no intention of stealing the silver the night he first went to Restaurant Robinson to dine. He had no particular desire for silver. He desired nothing, for that matter, except a chicken dinner and some white wine. And how, he asked me afterward, was a fat man, hungry, in a loose tunic and plenty of francs to spend, supposed to know all the tricks of a long French menu?

There was no chicken. So Private Harvey chose *escargot*. It looked mys-

terious, and therefore very elegant, on the bill of fare. He suspected it might be gold fish; but never snails, regular dirt snails right off the rose bush. And so began the curious case of Private Harvey, the Webster brothers, and the girl Mignette.

It was an "unfinished" case, officially. What chance to finish a thing that has no beginning, except a dish of fried snails? Where are the ends of a circle? And a circle it was, Private Harvey's episode at Restaurant Robinson.

A quiet, cool, pleasant establishment on a sunny summer afternoon, Robin-

son's red brick roadhouse, set enticingly at the rear of an over-run garden behind a high stone wall. Riding out from Le Mans to the town of Changé, or taking the long road to Camp d'Avours, you passed it on the right-hand side, a snug, respectable looking wayside inn, with a steep roof and a plain sign by the gate that advertised "furnished chambers for rent." And had you seen Mignette, close to the door, if you were like most doughboys, you might have murmured "Oo-la-la" (to yourself, of course), and planned a comfortable meal there some time. For



she was the kind that's easy to look at, any day in the week.

Robust, Belgian not French, olive skin tinted pink on the cheeks, a twist of polished black hair pinned atop her head and held by a fanlike comb, her arms smooth and supple, her lips pouting a little, and eyes. . . .

A pretty girl was Mignette.

She was young to be manager of Restaurant Robinson. Monsieur Robinson, who was rich enough to own a whole flock of geese and a diamond scarf pin if he liked, lived a retired life away from his restaurant, on a farm twenty kilos down the Changé road. He came over early every Sunday morning, driving a high seated, two wheeled cart, a pious, long-faced citizen in a proper black coat and a dignified flat hat. On Sunday morning he collected the week's profits, gave a few orders, chucked Mignette under the chin if there were no one looking, and departed to church.

The rest of the week Mignette was in command.

Very prettily she sped a parting guest. She knew no police. How dare they say that the reputation of her little inn by night was not so pleasant as her garden in the sunshine?

The moon was yellow, the garden wall fragrant with roses, and Private Harvey in funds the night he wandered through the Robinson gate. It was nine o'clock; already respectable, work-a-day

ment and away from walks in pleasanter fields. Yea, Private Harvey was a deserter.

Rather a harmless deserter, he thought. He always smiled at the military police, gossiped, showed them the size of his shoes. The government must lose money, he figured, equipping a fat man. The M. P. agreed. Tried to go easy on his uniform, Private Harvey did; knew the quartermaster must hate to use all that cloth. Sure, he'd pay for the sodas. Two elbows bent, in a pledge to General Pershing, and the M. P. went on, happy and forgetful of identification cards.

Tonight—chicken with livers, creamed spinach, a crisp salad and a tart, Barsac mineral water, and maybe a small bottle of that tonic, Haute Sauterne—a fair enough meal! Private Harvey leaned back in his chair and surveyed the Restaurant Robinson.

Mignette was sorry. Her heart was desolated. There was no chicken.

"Some nice *escargot*?" she suggested. "A leetle delicacy, some pretty, fresh

"So—with the fingers," instructed Mignette.

To be sure, his throat was dry. The artichoke scratched. Private Harvey leaped to his feet and reached for a glass of water. Mignette stopped her ears with her two brown hands after the first words. She blushed. To call *artichaut*, nice, fresh, spiked *artichaut*, a horrible, heathen cactus!

Private Harvey quarreled, as well as a fat man may. Very plain words he would speak that night to the commanding general. Restaurant Robinson should be out of bounds hereafter; no more American soldiers should be bilked! No chicken—snails, spike weed salad—he drew out his pocket-book.

Mignette gasped.

It was a purple pocketbook, fat with possibilities. Robinson himself, for all his black coat, had nothing to compare with this. Purple. Six inches long. Heavy. Mignette thought rapidly. A guest so rich, so particular what he ate, so near the generals, must never



The silver gleamed on the table. Beside the girl stood the two Americans, unarmed. Sergeant Casey bade them stand back

folks had pushed back their chairs from supper and played the evening dominoes. Private Harvey was thinking of chicken as he put-put-putted down the Changé road. He had borrowed the motorecycle; tomorrow, if all went well, he would restore it quietly before its owner, discovering his loss, became too impatient.

There would be no altercation. Private Harvey was not a fighting man. He admitted it. It was not *his* war. He hated a fight. He was glad even for a Charley horse, a disease that he never confided to a medical man—medics knew nothing about equitation—they might claim he didn't have one and send him back to his grieving regi-

artichoke for monsieur? I am sure you will like them."

Private Harvey tried the food on the platter that she brought. It might be fried oysters. He paled, after the first taste, and tried to think. What was it he had heard? *Escargot*? Beetles? Bees? Goldfish?

"The leetle snails," explained Mignette.

"You eat 'em?" inquired Private Harvey, putting down his fork.

"Ah, m'sieur, such nice, fresh, little fruits, all over the garden. Nowhere so many snails as the Robinson roses!"

Harvey swallowed the thought. He would do without meat. He tried the artichoke.

be permitted to go away angry—not under any circumstances.

"A leetle cheese," she pleaded. "M'sieur is too quick. Some hard cakes . . . apples . . ."

Private Harvey cleared his throat threateningly. Apples! She offered apples to a man from upper New York state, a man who was hungry for chicken!

"One small bottle of *Bordeaux rouge*!" Mignette begged. "One small bottle . . . on me . . . a souvenir from the Restaurant Robinson . . ."

Private Harvey sat down. After all, even in small bottles, *Bordeaux rouge* could not be acquired every day with the thanks of the house for peace. He restored the purse to his pocket.

"Well," he agreed trustfully, "one small bottle might fix it up."

Mignette bustled on the stairs. She bore the offering in herself, wiped off the mold with the inn's best napkin,

(Continued on page 16)





The greatest camera subject of all time—that is the verdict of the leading American photographic agencies concerning this leading American. He was in his fifties when this picture was taken

# If You Want to Be Famous Be Young

By CHARLES  
PHELPS CUSHING

—Dave to the home folks in Buckingham Castle—H. R. H. the Prince of Wales—you've heard a lot about him lately in his rôle of the world's most famous globe-trotter.

Because he is forever on the go, some of our American newspapermen have attempted to make out that he leads a rather strenuous existence. But how would any day of this young man's life compare in stress and strain with any day of the late Colonel Roosevelt's calendar? The Colonel, even in his fifties, crowded more hard activity into a week

**I**N fame's snapshot gallery this is the day of glory for the Younger Generation. Before the World War—we have the word of the managers of ten big photographic agencies for this—the most-sought subjects of the press camera were Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and the German Emperor, tied for first place among the men; and among the women the leader was Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst in her heyday of hunger striking and militant crusading for the cause of equal suffrage. All three of these favorites of the lens were then of about the same age—fifty-five—and all renowned for their strenuousness.

Twenty-five years younger are the snapshot heroes of today; and the most strenuous periods in their lives are the times when they face ordeals of public welcomes from their admirers. Possibly the war—which is blamed for all other changes that have come about in the past decade—must be held responsible for this curious shifting of public taste from an admiration for stressful and strife-filled middle-aged to a preference for smiling youthfulness. Doubtless, also, the fashions in hero-worship indicate something significant about the public's frame of mind. But whatever may have caused this attitude and whatever it may betoken, these two galleries of portraits furnish a startling contrast in types of faces.

By unanimous vote, the ten managers of photographic agencies consulted elect as the most pictured man



Just before the World War she was the most photographed woman in the world. She, too, had passed the half-century mark at that time

of the present day a young fellow of thirty whom the Welsh honor as Ionweth Dwywsog, and who has sojourned in the States and Canada under the incognito of Lord Renfrew. His is the first portrait in the fat red volume of "Who's Who In Canada," where he is described with pride and affection as "a Canadian rancher". Edward Albert Christian Andrew Patrick David



You couldn't expect him to dodge the camera, could you? In 1914 he was one of the three most popular lens subjects in the world

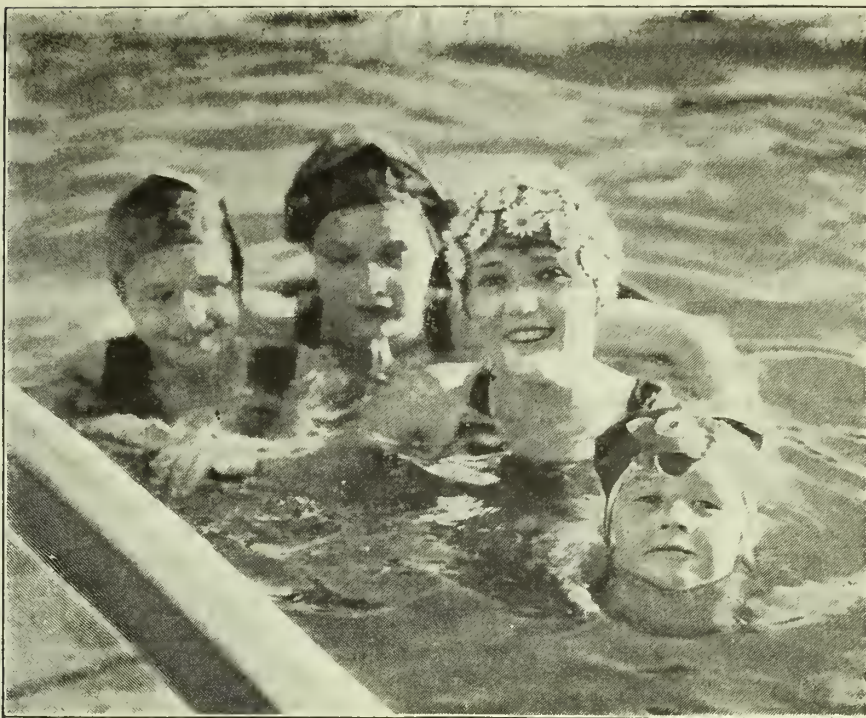


of executive work, wood chopping, boxing, tennis, speechmaking, writing and public receptions than this young fellow of thirty-odd sees in a month. The ex-Kaiser was another exponent of the strenuous life when he was going strong. Boxing and tennis were too vigorous for him on account of his withered left arm (which he nearly always managed to keep hidden from the camera's eye) but he worked in a frenzy at official business—as all the world knows to its sorrow—and wood-chopping and shooting and rattling the sabre, speechmaking, receptions, poetry and painting left him no idle moments.

The most pictured woman of the present day—chosen by a majority vote but in a contested election—is another young person upon whom Canada lays a claim. She was born in Toronto thirty-one years ago and there was christened Mary Smith. She is better known to fame by her cinema name, Mary Pickford. Canada also claims Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst today, for she recently has settled down as a citizen of British Columbia.

Here again you find a striking contrast betokening changed times. Where Mrs. Pankhurst won world-wide publicity by her deadly work with a hatchet and bits of Irish confetti—never did a famous woman of modern times live a life more stressful—Miss Pickford succeeds by her grace of gesture and a golden smile. When "Our Mary" goes abroad she sometimes has exciting times which the newspapers describe as "being mobbed by her admirers". But otherwise her existence is about as placid as could be imagined. Making one photoplay a year is the sum of the activities required of her to earn her living.

Throughout last summer the most photographed woman in the world was a California college miss whose age was only nineteen—Helen Wills, the feminine tennis champion. That sort of fame is an affair of only temporary duration, which ends swiftly when the first chill winds of autumn sweep



Now it's another story. The daisy-crowned lady is only in her thirties, but at that, as one of three most photographed individuals in the world today, she's the oldest person shown on this page

across the lime-lined courts of Newport, Forest Hills and Germantown. Her life is strenuous enough while the season lasts, but on the whole a rather tame affair as compared with that once lived by Mrs. Battling Pankhurst.

The other leading candidates who contest against Miss Pickford for first honors as the most photographed woman of today have this in common—the first name of all of them is Mary or its equivalent. Minority reports are brought in for Queen Mary of England, Queen Marie of Roumania and the American opera star, Mary Garden. Paul Thompson, the photographer, roots for Mary Garden, arguing that no other feminine celebrity finds so many clever dodges to get her pictures into the news. She deserves a lot of credit for this success, moreover, for she is generally reported to be her own press agent. The manager of the Underwood and Underwood agency just as stanchly backs the record of Queen Marie of Roumania.

"Whatever else you say," he contends, "she is the Ty Cobb among the women; for if she doesn't lead in the batting at the present moment, if you take her averages over a long period of years you will find her always close to the top. A marvelous subject for the camera man, this queen—always



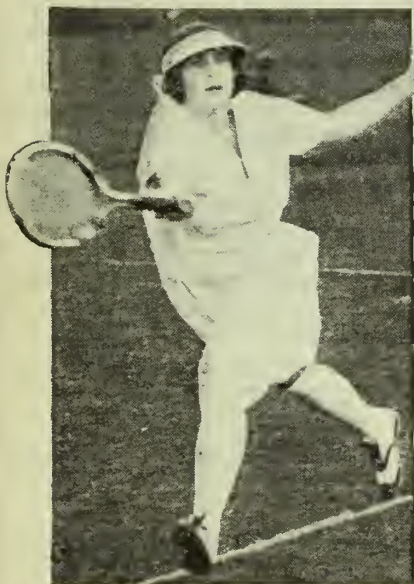
He travels so much he just can't help getting his picture taken

ready with a new costume and a new background and always falling into a graceful and effective pose with the greatest ease. You may not call her to mind as quickly as some of her rivals. But that is because she is always turning up in a different costume and a brand-new setting; and that prevents her from impressing herself upon your memory by repetition of a familiar pose, such as most other queens take, including queens of the screen. If Marie of Roumania hadn't had the misfortune to be born

a queen she might have become as famous in the movies as Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks."

To complete the list of entries mention must be made of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge. Two managers declare that she runs second only to Mary Pickford, and they point out that much of the screen star's publicity in the press is artificially stimulated.

Colonel Roosevelt is the choice of all the experts as "the greatest camera subject of all time". In office or out, he valiantly held his own for a longer period than any other man in the world since press photography came  
(Continued on page 19)



This active Californian was the most photographed woman in the world last summer—some distinction for a miss of nineteen.

Will she repeat this year?



# EDITORIAL

*FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.*

## Bad News for the Profiteers

**T**HE fight on the future war profiteer has received telling reinforcement and the cause of peace has been conspicuously served by Bernard M. Baruch of New York, who has volunteered to finance an exhaustive research into ways and means for mobilizing money and materials as well as manpower to fight in the event the country is called upon to defend itself again. This research is to be done by the Walter Hines Page School of International Research of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, in co-operation with foreign universities. It will cost Mr. Baruch from a quarter of a million to \$300,000.

This splendid undertaking aims at a goal toward which The American Legion has been striving for years. In fact, it is not too much to say that up to now a large share of the practical achievement to the end of curbing wartime profiteering and equalizing the burdens and responsibilities of a national conflict has been engineered by the Legion, with the invaluable co-operation of the War Department and of members of Congress.

The first thing the Legion did was to demonstrate the need for such a law. Three years ago The American Legion Weekly conducted a thoroughgoing investigation of profiteering during the last war. The task was difficult. Strong efforts were exerted to keep the Weekly from possession of the facts, and after the facts were obtained efforts were made to keep them from being published except in very modified form. Contrary to some things which have been said by otherwise responsible persons, the facts presented by the Weekly were true. Otherwise threats of prosecution for libel and suchlike unpleasant consequences which were directed against the Weekly and its agents in this endeavor more than likely would have been carried out.

In its series of articles "Who Got the Money?" and "The Profiteer Hunt" the Weekly revealed an astounding state of affairs. It can be summed up in the words of a special agent of the Department of Justice after an investigation of certain aircraft contracts reported to his superior: "The Government has been boldly and openly robbed. If the war had been carried on expressly for their [the contractors'] benefit their profit could scarcely have been greater." The Weekly pointed out specifically where the Government had been overcharged by millions and millions of dollars. It named firms and individuals. On evidence first made public in this magazine several million dollars has been recovered to the United States Treasury.

The Weekly published these articles, first, in the hope that the Department of Justice could be stimulated to some positive action to recover moneys which had been wrongfully paid to rapacious contractors, and second, to point out the need of fundamental changes in our defensive system which would make profiteering less likely in the event of a future emergency. In the first instance success has not been noteworthy, despite the commendable efforts of certain public officials, and despite the recovery of sums which are large in themselves but which form a small proportion of what should have been recovered. Possession is nine points of the law, and the Government was too late getting started after the gougers. But let that pass. The second point is more important.

On this head there has been some heartening accomplishment, and Mr. Baruch's magnanimous gift gives impetus to the work. For three years a detail of General

Staff officers of the Army have been busy with studies. They have called to their assistance some of the ablest economists in the country in their search for a formula to prosecute a war in which no one class of citizens would profit at the expense of the other classes, as heretofore. Representatives of The American Legion have participated in these deliberations, the gist of which has been incorporated in two pieces of legislation which the Legion has placed before Congress. One is a resolution calling for the appointment of an expert non-partisan commission to make further studies of the problem and definite legislative recommendations. This is precisely the work envisioned by Mr. Baruch. The other item of legislation is the so-called universal draft bill, which would give the President power to mobilize labor, capital and materials, as well as manpower for war, and to control prices.

This much has been done. The task is far from complete. The help which Mr. Baruch offers is the best possible kind of help, and it is very needful. Within the limits of reasonable time too much thought and planning cannot be devoted to this matter in advance of enacting permanent legislation. Mr. Baruch has wisely borne this in mind by stipulating that the researches he is to finance shall be completed in three years. The Baruch research also will serve to bring the whole question before the public, which is most important. The Legion has sought to do this wherever it could. National Commander Drain has made speeches in all parts of the country to this end. The research at Johns Hopkins will be a useful complement to this effort.

Acknowledging the Baruch offer, a representative of Johns Hopkins wrote to Mr. Baruch:

By taking the profit out of war we understand you to mean that you would limit profits through regulation so as to prevent profiteering. Certainly an absence of such profit would tend to repress that jingoism which encourages war, and, if war were begun, to shorten rather than to prolong it. If profit is eliminated from war everywhere, and if the mobilization of things and dollars is carried along on the same basis with the mobilization of men in all countries verging on war, there will be less likelihood of joining battle.

Mr. Baruch's proposal is a product of his own war experience. Mr. Baruch is a financier and a wealthy man. When the war came he could have multiplied his fortune, but instead he terminated all of his personal affairs and offered his services to President Wilson without salary. He served the Government in various important capacities, giving all of his time to that work during the war and long after it. In his report as head of the War Industries Board, in 1921, he declared that if another national emergency arose "there ought to be not alone a mobilization of manpower but of things and dollars." As the head of the War Industries Board Mr. Baruch had opportunity to observe the profiteering system against which the Government was powerless. He conceived that this was wrong and has set out to do away with it. His efforts deserve the support and the gratitude of the country which in this act Mr. Baruch continues to serve with a fine devotion.

❖ ❖ ❖

It's a swiftly vanishing race—if you mean the one to the railroad crossing.

❖ ❖ ❖

With all the riotous patterns now in vogue it's almost as tough a job to select socks as to pick out French pastry.

❖ ❖ ❖

Nothing takes the conceit out of a man like a back view of himself in the mirrors of a clothing store while trying on a new hat.

❖ ❖ ❖

Despite Longfellow's poem, it now develops that the Hesperus was not wrecked, so, instead of the popular theory, maybe Diogenes was looking for a parking place.



# A PERSONAL PAGE

## by Frederick Palmer

Berkeley, California, is roused because Rolph Ellefson, aged two, is allowed to play in the family yard in his birthday clothes. Personally I don't mind, although some of his neighbors do.

### In His Birthday Clothes

His parents think that sunlight on his bare skin will make him grow up to be a lusty man. Will it? If Rolph does grow up to be lusty will this be the cause? I know a number of lusty men who were wearing clothes at the age of two.

If going naked makes for superiority then the center of the world's civilization ought to be in Central Africa and on the Amazon instead of in the temperate zone. Rolph will have to wear clothes some day in the presence of his neighbors unless the clothing makers and fashion makers have entirely lost their grip on us. So Rolph might as well get started on the habit, now, with jumpers to help consume the cotton crop. I don't think that it will interfere with his batting .300 or becoming President of the United States.

Our Mr. Dempsey has returned from France, where he had a good time. He missed the good time there in 1917-'18. But that was not the kind of good time he enjoys. He will not be ready to fight Wills until he has had one or two smaller fights and made some more money. Before long a younger man will take Jack's measure and then he will have nothing to do but to have a good time and to write his reminiscences, including his after-war service in France. Meanwhile, those who have kept in trim for another kind of good time include Amundsen, who is back from his latest Polar exploit; MacMillan, who is on his way to another, and Captain McCarthy, who has just scaled, for the first time, Mount Logan, the highest peak in Canada.

### Jack Dempsey's Good Time

Speak of cancer yesterday and you thought of monstrous horror slowly wasting its victims to ghastly death. Speak of cancer today and you think of the story of Dr. W. E. Gye and J. E. Barnard, which should be told again and again. It is woven of "the will that makes a way", to the glory of human achievement.

### A Triumph of Will

Gye began life as an English railway porter working for \$2.50 a week. He wanted to be a doctor. By studying nights he equipped himself to teach school. By saving money as a teacher he was able to get his medical degree. In the war he served in a traveling laboratory in France.

Barnard kept a little hat store to make a living. He went home to his microscope from the day's work. He had won such a place as a microscopist that his services were valuable in the war.

These two self-made men found themselves co-workers in the London Medical Institute after the war. They were now fighting the most insidious enemy of mankind.

Yellow fever, syphilis, scarlet fever, diphtheria, bubonic plague and other scourges had yielded to science. Cancer continued to increase, baffling all the efforts of the world's laboratories and their skilled workers. Most conspicuous of the laboratories was that of the Rockefeller Institute

with its ample funds and elaborate equipment. Other investigators had the data of its years of study to work upon. Without that basis Gye and Barnard might not have won their triumph.

Germs had been found to be the cause of most diseases. Was there a cancer germ? Many scientists had about given up the idea that there was. This cancer curse, they thought, was peculiar to itself in its origin.

Collaborating with Gye, Barnard, by a new method of microscopy, has now isolated the inconceivably minute germ of cancer. This means that we only know the cause. We have not yet the cure. But can we doubt that some one of the army of scientists will yet find it and thus save unnumbered lives and untold agony?

This is the season when we endure some days that make us want to take off our flesh and sit in our bones. Unlike little Rolph Ellefson of Berkeley, we have to wear something next to our skins when we go in public. If that seems heavy, think back to the time

### Ways of Keeping Cool

when statesmen wore silk hats and frock coats and women long skirts and steel corsets in August. Think of the equipment you wore in France as you wish that you might take off your shirt.

Trying to keep cool is frequently the best way to feel hot; and the best way to keep cool is to keep your mind occupied with other things than the heat. For the young and the well keeping the pores open with exercise and then a dip at the end of the day in anything from a swimming hole to a tub remains the unbeaten prescription.

Everybody is entitled to a vacation. Until everybody has one we cannot boast truly that we are the richest and the best-off nation in the world. What anybody gets out of his vacation depends not upon its size or cost, but his attitude of mind toward it and the perspiring world in general. Deliver us from the gloomy man on a vacation. He seals up your pores and makes the heat strike in. He foresees nothing but blow-outs and thunderstorms. Anybody who cannot smile on a vacation ought to be left at home in a cellar to live on unripe persimmons.

You cannot get much out of a vacation without imagination. It is an especial aid when funds are low. I have in mind a man who was a "dusty" and who on an August Sunday had not enough money for train fare into the country. He filled the bath tub with cold water, adding a pinch of salt with a gay flourish, then splashed the water as he exclaimed: "Now watch me in the surf while the ocean breezes blow."

I hope that those who have not already written their letters for the Personal Page's Prize Contest are at least sharpening their pencils. What good did you get out of the war? What did the war do for you? The object is not just to have a prize contest.

### Please Do It Now

This is no cross-word puzzle. The idea is fraternal helpfulness. Tell your story as simply as you would to a group of friends, knowing that your audience will be Legionnaires from one end of the country to the other. Yes, tell it to the whole big family of posts as well as to your own. Conditions are printed on page 15 of this issue of the Weekly.





To a few hundred people he is S. L. Rothafel, but to twenty million people he is Roxy, America's best-known radio broadcaster and father of the big idea that became the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund, distribution of which has been taken over by The American Legion Weekly. Roxy is a member of National Press Club Post of Washington, D. C. The other fellow in the picture is Buddy

## \$80,000 *to* Provide Radio *for* Disabled Veterans

**"W**HAT say to a little music?" said ex-Private Thomas Allen, late of the A. E. F., to his buddy Henry Connors, also ex-buck of that same late illustrious organization.

"Fine," said Connors. "You steer me and I'll hook up the head sets."

So Allen, who lost both arms in the Argonne and was otherwise extensively shot up, but who retains a fine pair of bright blue eyes, carefully issued directions, while Connors, who lost his eyes from a German high-explosive shell a few hours before Allen's arms were shot away, groped around until he found the necessary connections, and then carefully fitted on his comrade's and his own head sets. The two leaned back to enjoy an afternoon program of radio music from a famous Eastern broadcasting station.

Ever since shortly after the Armistice Allen and his pal Connors have occupied neighboring beds in one of Uncle Sam's biggest hospitals for war-maimed veterans. Each suffering from the loss of faculties possessed by the other, the two soon grew to depend on each other and became inseparable, acquiring the title of the Gold Dust Twins. When the pair of them have something to do requiring eyesight Al-

By JOHN H.  
CRAIGE

len goes to the bat for both. When arms and hands are required, Connors gets busy.

In spite of their team work, however, life in the hospital grew pretty slow for these buddies, particularly after the first flush of enthusiasm, when people began to stop coming to see them and the country began to forget that there had been a war. Then one fine day word was passed that radio was to be installed throughout the hospital and the thrill that passed upon and down the wards was magical. Presently electricians were seen installing wiring and making connections, and at last a day came when a head-set was issued to each patient and word was passed that afternoon and evening programs were available. All that was necessary was to plug in and sit down and listen.

After that life took on new piquancy and interest for Allen and his friend Connors, as well as for the other patients. The world from which they had been shut off since the war came right

to their bedsides. Music, news, vaudeville, education, information, all were available for the mere effort of putting on a head-set and sticking in a couple of plugs. The morale of the hospital went up like magic, and cases began to show improvement that had resisted the skill of world-famous specialists.

The experience of Allen and Connors is typical of what has come into the life of sick and disabled veterans all over the United States. Nearly fifty thousand buddies are listening in to radio programs tonight and every night with head sets firmly clamped to their ears, registering interest, animation and attention because of a fine, big, generous idea that came to another buddy, a lot more fortunate, who had the heart and brains and ability to make it come true.

These fifty thousand buddies are scattered over practically every State in the North and East of the United States. Some of them are in government hospitals, some in private institutions under contract to the Veterans Bureau, while quite a few are scattered in twos and threes and half dozens in health camps and convalescent homes all over the country. Taken altogether, they represent a large proportion of the total number of men of the Amer-



ican armed forces who were unlucky enough to suffer serious wounds or lasting illness as a result of their services to the nation. Some of them have lost an arm or a leg, some are burned or crippled by gas, some are blind, some are waging strenuous war against the grim white plague of tuberculosis. Most of them are living lives in which pain is a frequent visitor, and all of them are enduring the routine of hospital existence and the comparative isolation from the world necessary to the treatment of the sick.

A little more than a year ago not one of them had radio unless he was rich enough or fortunate enough to own his set. It was a dull life. Then, presto, the big idea arrived and now it is all changed.

Which brings us down to the idea that caused the change and the buddy to whom it came, S. L. Rothafel, one time private in the United States Marine Corps, in the old, hard-boiled days, now major in the Marine Corps Reserve, and—yes, you have guessed it, none other than "Roxy", he of the melodious and many-talented Gang, America's most popular radio entertainer and the presiding deity of Broadway's biggest show-house, the Capitol Theatre. Last but not least, Roxy is an enthusiastic Legionnaire and a member of National Press Club Post at Washington.

A year ago last spring, when he was engaged in giving an entertainment for disabled men in New York, Roxy's big idea came to him. Before that time he

had been in the habit of giving away radio sets with a lavish hand, but these were purchased out of his private funds. One day his bookkeeper said to him: "Look here, Roxy, do you realize how much it is costing you to give away these sets? If you want to give radio sets to all the veterans in the United States why don't you take up a subscription?" "I will," said Roxy. And he did.

THAT was the birth of Roxy's radio fund idea, and with customary energy he lost no time in preparing to put it into effect. He was eminently well equipped for the work, probably better than any other man in the country. This Roxy, as we have remarked, is America's most popular radio entertainer, but he is a lot more than that. He is the man who first "saw" radio more than two years ago, which is away back in the dim and distant ancient history of that new and gigantic development of popular science. Roxy not only had the vision to see this new force. He also had the talent and the personality to put himself over as the first important figure in this new field of entertainment and to grow as the field grew until today he is still foremost in radio and has become one of the most remarkable figures in modern life.

Probably more people know Roxy's voice than the voice of any man who ever lived, and it has all come within the past two years or so. Five years

ago Roxy the radio broadcaster was unknown and couldn't have existed because there was no radio to speak of. Even two years ago it would have been impossible for him to have attained one-tenth of his present proportions. Today he speaks every Sunday evening to millions of his fellow citizens through seven broadcasting stations and every month or two new stations are adding hundreds of thousands to his audience. It is said that 20,000,000 are familiar with the tones of his voice, his mannerisms of speech and his very inflections. And every last one of this huge number feels that he knows Roxy personally and looks upon him in the light of an old and valued friend who is in the habit of dropping in every Sunday evening to chat for awhile with the easy familiarity of long acquaintance.

Nearly everybody has the Roxy habit. The President and Mrs. Coolidge are ardent Roxy fans. So is Tony the bootblack, just around the corner from the White House, and so are countless others in all walks of life in between. Sometime his popularity is embarrassing to Roxy. He may get by incognito as "S. L. Rothafel", but once he opens his mouth and says a few words all his listeners turn around and say, "So you are Roxy". He can't even use the telephone without hearing a silvery voice say, "Hello, Roxy".

There isn't any other popularity just like it in the country. No statesman's voice would be recognized by one-tenth

(Continued on page 20)

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY has assumed charge of the distribution of the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund, totaling at present more than \$80,000, which will hereafter be known as the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly. As in the past, this fund will be devoted exclusively to the purchase of radio equipment for disabled World War veterans. Effort will first be directed to equipping hospitals, on the theory of the greatest good to the greatest number, and once this goal has been achieved it is hoped to furnish small receiving sets to individual disabled men who are taking treatment in their homes. The Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly is controlled by a board of trustees which will act on all applications for radio equipment received by the Weekly. The trustees have drawn up the following regulations for their guidance:

1. All requests for radio installation must come through posts of The American Legion. In general this will mean that the post located nearest the hospital for which equipment is sought will be the agent through which application will be made. The request may originate with the hospital or with the post, but application for equipment must be made through the Legion post. A government appropriation is already available to provide all government-owned hospitals operating under the United States Veterans Bureau with radio reception; the Sun-Roxy Fund, therefore, will affect only contract and general (army, navy and marine) hospitals in which disabled veterans are patients.

2. On receipt of a request for the installation of a radio receiving set, the Weekly will forward to the commander of the requesting post a questionnaire and approval form, so that the commander or his representative or, preferably, a committee appointed by him or by the post, can investigate the situation at the hospital under discussion and make specific non-technical recommendations. The report of this committee must be approved by the local Legion post before it will be considered by the fund's board of trustees.

3. After this report has been approved by the board of trustees, a specifications form will be submitted to the post, which, after consulting the hospital authorities, will report in detail the nature and amount of supplies needed for a complete radio installation. From this specifications form the secretary of the board will place orders for supplies to be sent direct to the hospital for installation.

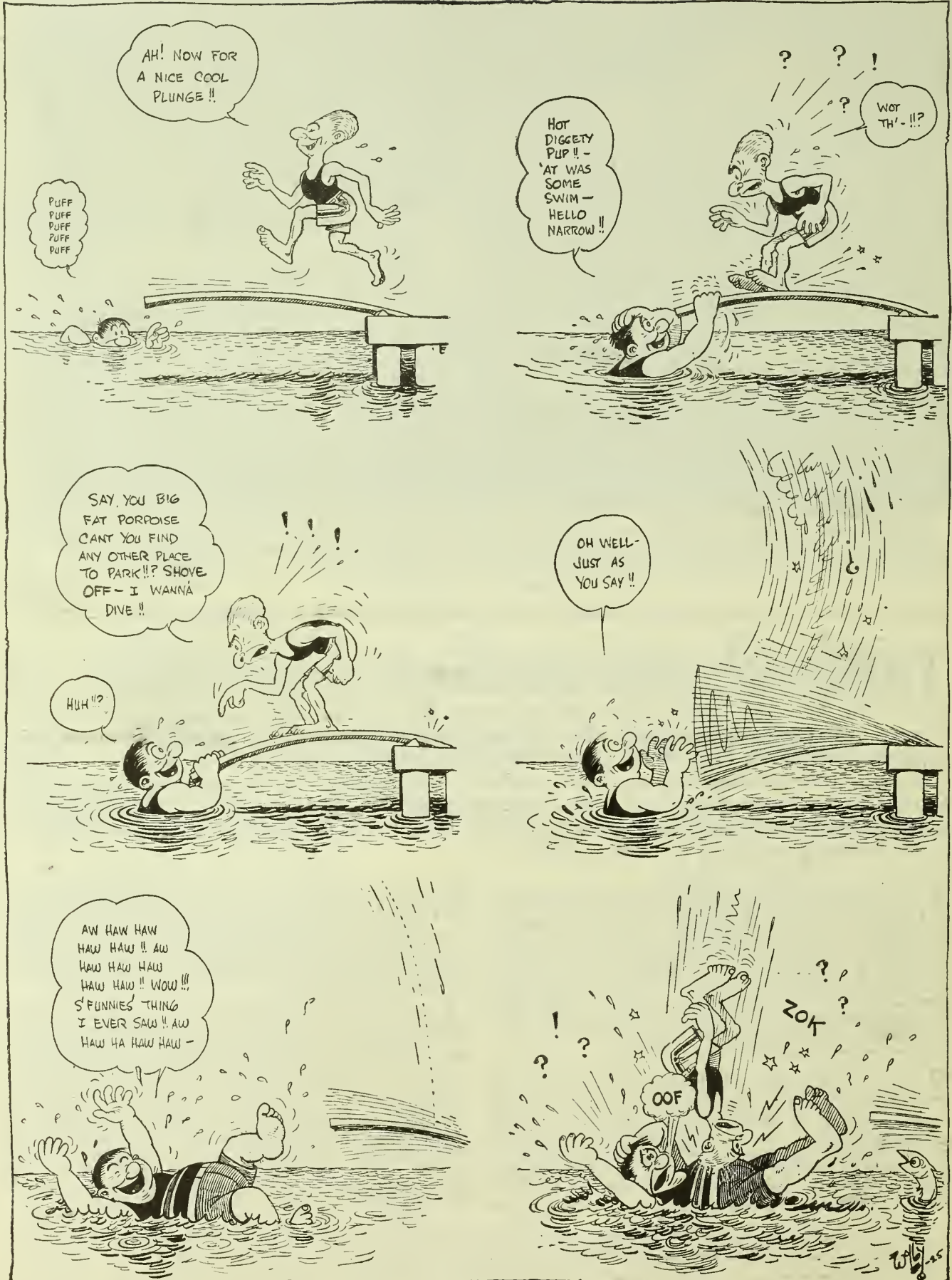
4. The Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly may be spent for the purchase of radio equipment only, according to the terms of the agreement and declaration of trust by which the Weekly assumes charge of the distribution of the fund. Incidentally, all expense of administering the fund is borne by the Weekly. The cost of installation must be borne by the hospital or by such outside assistance as it can obtain. In many cases post members who are trained electrical technicians will doubtless be willing to contribute their services. Hospitals have authority from the War and Navy Departments to call on the nearest army post or naval station for the loan of technical experts attached to such post or station to assist in the installation.

All correspondence concerned with the fund should be addressed to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana.



# The High Diver

By Wallgren





# Ho for the Fir and the Balsam

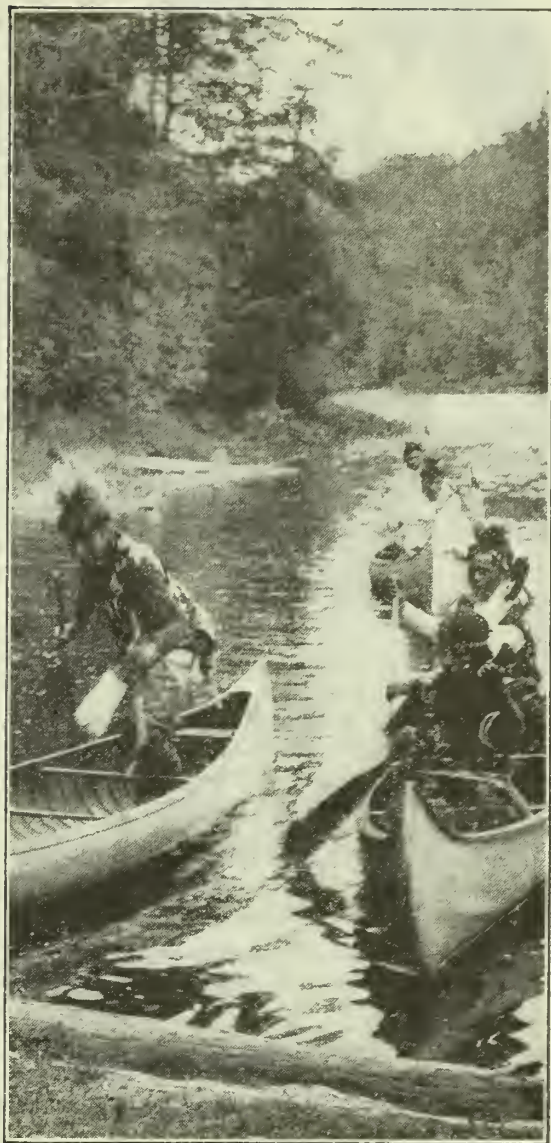
By ALEXANDER A.  
GARDINER

**G**IVE a sympathetic sigh these sweltering August days for those whom a relentless fate has dished into the northern woods of these United States, say in Maine or the Adirondacks. As you duck beneath the awning of the First National Bank Building and with parched lips beseech the fountain clerk in the Old Glory Pharmacy to let you have something that's got a touch of the North Pole in it, consider the unfortunates who are splashing in the surf at Narragansett Pier and Old Orchard Beach or wondering if it isn't a bit too frigid for bathing up at Alexandria Bay in the Thousand Islands. And at the same time consider the tough luck of the buddies spending a few weeks at Camp American Legion at Tomahawk Lake, in the northern reaches of Wisconsin.

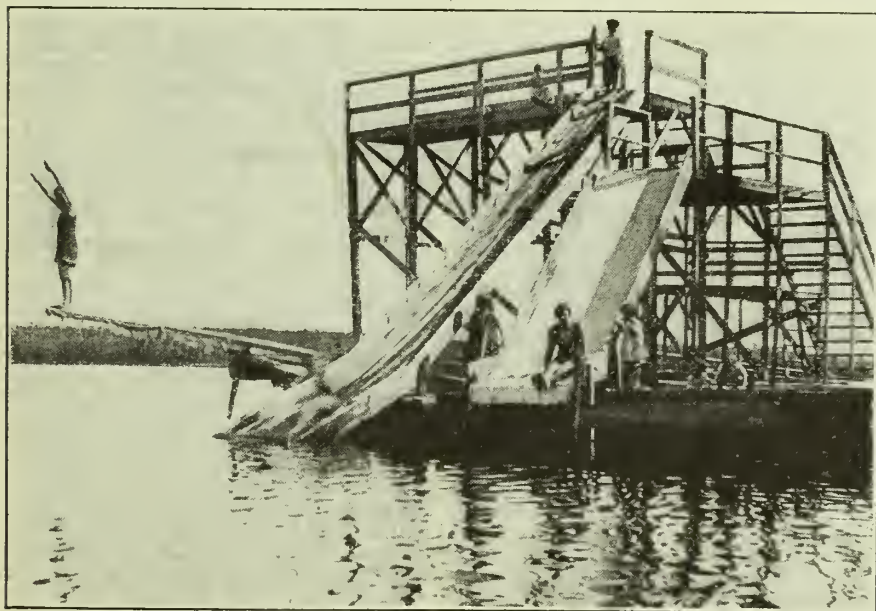
All they can do at the camp is fish, swim, row, ride horseback, play tennis, basketball, baseball and quoits, hike, relax, sleep, fight the war over again around blazing logs in a real fireplace—and a few other things that any well regulated camp might be expected to offer. Because this Camp American Legion has a pedigree—until illness made its proprietor quit the game a couple of years ago it was Camp Minne-Wawa, and the two hundred girls who passed the season there each year

came from families that didn't worry because it cost something like sixty dollars a week to have daughter attend.

Perhaps it shouldn't be said that the buddies who happen to be guests of the Department of Wisconsin at Camp American Legion are to be particularly envied, because every one of them, and there are nearly twenty-five registered now, is a convalescent—a service man who has been a casualty in war or peace, and who has come far enough along the road to health so that all he needs to get back on the job is a few weeks among the firs and the balsams, breathing in the healthful air, getting a little exercise, eating wholesome food, and above all getting unworried rest. For these men Camp American Legion is a godsend. They have reacted to its delightful charms like a bunch of city children making the acquaintance of a hayloft, and the



Chippewa Indians arriving at Camp American Legion, Tomahawk Lake, Wisconsin, to take part in a pageant that marked the dedication exercises on Flag Day



Members of the families of buddies convalescing at the camp trying out the diving platform and slides on the lake. The kids get a real kick out of this equipment, but statistics will probably show that buddy himself would rather fish than swim. He'll find everything from rock bass and pickerel to muskellunge waiting to be hooked

fun they're having in getting well has made Wisconsin posts swamp Department Headquarters with letters demanding that the projected camp for Legionnaires who haven't a thing in the world the matter with them get under way immediately over on McGraw Lake, half a mile or so away. That, of course, is another story, of which only the preface can now be written.

Picture to yourself a cluster of crystal-clear, spring-fed lakes set in virgin forests of pine, hemlock and spruce, lakes abounding with black bass, pickerel, great northern pike and its more gamy brother, the muskellunge. Glimpse a clearing on a ridge between two lakes, a large hunting lodge dominating the scene, with cabins half hidden in the forest behind it, and still further back another clearing, an amphitheater that could accommodate an audience of three thousand. Here in time a complete field for sports will be laid out, with a running track and baseball diamond as the principal features. Right now there's a concrete tennis court and a basketball court.





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That's the camp's physical aspect at present.

There are fourteen cabins, real log cabins, and seventeen permanent tent platforms, so that with the main building, a two-story log structure that spreads itself out a hundred and twenty-five feet and runs back twenty-seven feet, taking care of two hundred people would be no problem at all. The camp faces on Big Carr Lake, smallest of the Tomahawk Lake group, but most desirable because it's six feet higher than the other lakes, which gives assurance that seepage will be away from the lake. Big Carr has a shore line of about five miles, while Big and Little Tomahawk, which may be reached from Big Carr by a portage of about sixty feet, have a shore line of more than a hundred miles.

The convalescent camp is exclusively a Wisconsin idea, as was that idea of university extension courses which, two decades before the perfecting of radio transmission made mass education a matter of turning a dial, sent instructors from Madison to the most remote corners of the State to give the plain people the benefits of higher education. Camp American Legion won't admit anyone who is sick. It is designed to bridge the gap between the hospital and the shop or office, to give the man who is fed up on medical charts and temperatures, ether and nurses the chance to build himself up before tackling the job. And because the Wisconsin Department has only recently acquired the camp and must go slow in the expenditure of money, admission to the camp is limited to convalescent service men who have lived in the State at least a year or who were making their home there when they entered the service.

There has been need of just this sort of service in Wisconsin, as in every other State. Much of the tragedy in the story of rehabilitation lies in the effort of men broken by the war to short cut their way back to a job. Service officers over the country can cite you case after case of veterans who have gone out of hospitals with, say, arrested tuberculosis, plunged into the worry of making a living and within a year gone back to a hospital to repeat the disheartening round. The ideal arrangement is to bundle the man off to a place where he can be outdoors, where he can take moderate exercise, get wholesome food, and above all have no worries. Department Service Officer James F. Burns, who is the camp's executive officer, is also strong for sending a man's wife and children with him to the camp, on the theory that buddy will get better more quickly if his folks are ministering to him.

It is this same man Burns who passes on eligibility of appointees to the camp. Burns has been fighting for disabled men too long not to realize that buddies who are convalescing don't want to be bothered with red tape. He has been through hundreds of fights to prove that the ills of disabled veterans were service connected. So he is sympathetic. At the same time he knows that the Department of Wisconsin doesn't intend to set up a soldiers' home in the northern woods with permanent guests who have a shall-I-not-take-mine-ease-at-mine-inn complex. And so a registered doctor must recommend a convalescent to a post

commander in the department, at the same time naming the number of weeks he believes the man ought to spend at the camp. The papers go to Burns, and within forty-eight hours the man will be stepping off the train at Tomahawk Lake station and driving the three and a half miles to the camp in the flivver of Caretaker George Merkel. Merkel is a veteran of the Spanish-American War and was an officer in the 127th Infantry of the Thirty-Second Division during the World War. He and his wife, who was an army nurse overseas, were in charge of the tourist camp at Appleton, Wisconsin, before taking up this job, and both are enthusiastic Legionnaires.

The main building, the cabins and the grounds are lighted by electricity. A 110-volt power system was installed shortly after the department acquired the camp, and will carry whatever load up-to-date electrical appliances used in camp may place on it. Other improvements are on the way, one of the most important being the installation of a telephone and a water system. The boys will have the chance to help Caretaker Merkel in little jobs about the place, and will function as a volunteer fire department. If a bad fire starts they will get help from a convalescent camp run by the State of Wisconsin on the shores of Little Tomahawk Lake less than a mile away. That camp, incidentally, shows what the northern Wisconsin woods can do to a man, for in the twelve years it has been running not one of the men it received from a tuberculosis hospital and later discharged has had to return for further treatment.

Camp American Legion has been in the making since early in 1922, when the offer of an acre of land on Madeline Island in Lake Superior was made by a member of the Auxiliary. This site was found not suitable by a committee which investigated it, as it was too far from a railroad. For two years committees of the department traveled all over the northern part of the State inspecting camp sites, trying to scale down their ambition to have a wonderful camp to the cruelly important fact that they would have to start out in a very small way once they got their hands on some money.

And then like the fairy godmother that in the story always comes to the little girl who has kept going despite discouragement, the camp at Tomahawk Lake, with its plant representing an investment of \$80,000, became available. The owners wanted \$45,000, but the department officers convinced them that they ought to let it go for \$25,000. There wasn't a tenth of that amount in the department coffers, but with that faith that moves mountains and finds a way when there is no way, the Legionnaires got an option on the property. The Legion's National Endowment Fund Campaign was in the offing, with Wisconsin's quota set at \$200,000. The department voted to raise \$300,000 and told folks that a third of that amount would be used in rehabilitating the State's own soldiers.

And then, just to make sure that things were going to move, Department Commander L. Hugo Keller and his legislative committee camped on the doorstep of the State House at Madison and persuaded the Legislature to appropriate \$50,000 for purchase of



the camp. The bill passed both houses with little opposition, and Governor Blaine signed it. The extra \$25,000 was used in improving the site. The Wisconsin Department plans to use the hundred thousand the people gave in the Endowment Fund Drive for maintenance of the camp during the next fifteen years, when, if the need for a convalescent camp remains, a further appeal will be made.

So when they dedicated the camp in the presence of two thousand people from all over the State, on Flag Day, June 14, 1925, the department officers naturally felt some elation. The dream of a camp maintained under department auspices but open to any ex-service man convalescing from illness had been fulfilled. It is a high and important task, and Wisconsin Legionnaires are doing it in the right way.

## OUTFIT REUNIONS

*Announcements for this department must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.*

**TRI-STATE REUNION, 2d Div. AND 33d Div.**—Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois Departments co-operating with divisional associations and Thirteenth Legion District of Illinois in reunion to be held at Sterling, Ill., Aug. 6. Address B. F. Kreider, Sterling.

**ST. PAUL CHAPTER, RAINBOW DIV.**—Former members of 42d Div. invited to meet with chapter second Tuesday of each month in Old State Capitol, St. Paul, Minn. Address Ray Quinlan, President, or Art Peloquin, Secretary, at above address.

**BASE HOSP. 67**—Sixth annual reunion at Bronxville, N. Y., Aug. 14-16. Address S. Franklin Pearce, Box 366, White Plains, N. Y.

**324TH F. A.**—Fourth annual reunion at Columbus, O., Aug. 16-17. Address H. E. Lutz, P. O. Box 622, Columbus, O.

**BTY. E, 307TH F. A.**—Reunion at Cottonwood Inn, Conesus Lake, N. Y., Aug. 12. Address H. A. Doty, Geneseo, N. Y.

**31ST Div.**—Reunion during annual convention of Georgia Department of Legion at Rome, Aug. 19-21. Address John R. Fawcett, 1012 Oglethorpe Bldg., Savannah, Ga.

**80TH Div.**—Sixth annual reunion at Clarksburg, W. Va., Aug. 27-30. Address Boyd B. Stutler, "Hamilton P. C.", Charleston, W. Va.

**BASE HOSP. 32.**—Annual reunion at Page's, Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 1. Address Jack Langan, 101 So. Meridian St., Indianapolis.

**332d INF.**—Reunion at Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland, O., Sept. 5-6. Address C. H. Williams, 1268 Union Trust Bldg., Cleveland.

**112TH F. S. BN. (37th Div.)**—Seventh annual reunion at Cincinnati, O., Sept. 5-7. Address Matt J. Mosbacher, 422 Buckeye-Commercial Bank Bldg., Findlay, O.

**148TH INF. (37th Div.)**—Reunion at Cincinnati, O., Sept. 5-7. Address Robert F. Ohmer, 60 Spirea Drive, Dayton, O.



## The telephone door

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**F**REDERICK PALMER announced on his Personal Page in the July 31st issue a prize contest open to all Legionnaires, men and women, for the best answers to the question, "What good did you get out of your service in the war?" Prizes will be as follows: First, \$50; second, \$30; third, \$25; fourth, \$15; fifth, \$10; next five, \$5 each. No answer must exceed two hundred words. Write on one side of page only. Do not disclose your name; either attach name and address in a small envelope or write it in an upper corner of your answer and then fold and pin down the corner. Address all answers to Prize Contest, Personal Page, The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana—and send them to reach the Weekly by September 20th.



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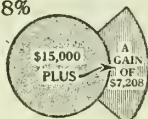
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# The Purple Pocketbook

(Continued from page 5)

tasted the cork, and poured out a gleaming glassful.

"Another when the m'sieur drinks this!" she cried. "Ring. I shall be downstairs."

Private Harvey rubbed his chin and looked reflectively at the wine. Take it by and large, this had not been such an unsuccessful evening. He sipped once, and then set the glass down dubiously. Mignette was giving sad information.

"Such a beeg, beeg party downstairs!" she confided. "All the colonels and generals from Le Mans! The very best they must have!" She opened the door on a linen closet, revealing stacks of clean, fresh napkins and the inn's extra silver.

"Generals?" Harvey asked uneasily. "Mignette, Mignette!" cried a waitress excitedly from down the stairway. "Vite! Those seven sergeants wish service!"

Mignette retreated. Private Harvey sipped again from the peace offering of the Restaurant Robinson.

At five minutes before midnight, a shrill Mignette pounded at the door of the American secret police.

"All the silver!" she cried. "All the fine linen! Gone, m'sieur! Stolen by one pig of an American when I had just given free to him one bottle of wine and talked sweet!"

The police asked questions. "What did he look like? How did he do it? How'd he come to be in the café after closing hours?"

Mignette ignored the thrust. She described Floyd Harvey, private first class. A clerk made intricate notes.

"And how am I to know how he got out?" she demanded. "He did not walk the stairs. I give him free drink. Half hour, I go see, maybe I shall give him more . . . silver, linen, everything gone, and gone that wicked savage! How he look? Fat, very fat, and red in the face and big feet and he seemed gentil! He know all the generals! Real quatre-vingts-dix, m'sieur, real old wine, I give him!"

Police searched and shook their wise heads. No fat American with uncommon feet and a hundred and fifty dollars worth of silver in his pocket was loitering along French roads next day. Nor on the next. Mignette, manager of the Restaurant Robinson, upset empires with her tongue. To no avail. The silver remained missing.

Monsieur Robinson drove over to Le Mans in his high wheeled cart the third day. It was preposterous! He removed his flat hat! Not to find a criminal, Robinson silver still at large . . . What to do?

Very respectfully the sergeant listened. He was sorry; he would have to interrupt. Another call . . . a man lay bleeding, an American, unconscious, after an unspeakable brawl.

A brawl? Monsieur Robinson sniffed. There were never any brawls in Restaurant Robinson!

Maybe not. D. C. I. sergeants left him sniffing. Police needed to hurry when a summons came in from the select establishment of Poison Whiskey. In the heart of Le Mans, on a dirty

side street switching off from the public square, only outcasts knew his wine-shop. A mole hole it was, ten steps down from the street. Poison Whiskey had been an immigrant once. He had come back to France from America and set up in business in his native Le Mans, earning his euphonious *nom de verre* by his skill as a moonshiner. A rascal named Petit Louis was his right hand thug after the war, ace of pickpockets, a short, thin, underweight Apache, who always looked hungry, and wicked.

A dangerous place for any man, good or bad, to lie unconscious.

Poison Whiskey met the sergeants at the door. Petit Louis worked with water and sponge on a clean, red faced American of considerable bulk who sprawled on the floor beside an upset table.

Poison Whiskey attempted shock. "Terrible!" he cried. "In my house. All was peace. The gentleman drank a little white wine. We sell only light wines, sir, as the American military law directs. Quiet, he was, and two other men set upon him, Americans, sir." Poison Whiskey rubbed his hands together, like a pious patriot. "A sad sight, an injured soldier, n'est-ce pas? Here he was, sitting, his right knee crossed over his left . . ."

"His left over his right!" Petit Louis contradicted with emphasis. "I had just served him!"

"And the two men from his country came in," Poison Whiskey proceeded. "They ordered beer . . . poor stuff, beer, eh, sir? . . . and took it to this gentleman's table. They must have been drunk. Not once did I dream it, or Petit Louis never should serve them. That is clear? I blush. They must have been drunk! It started. . . I know not what. Like the lightning of heaven, I tell you! They were all over him . . . the table upset. Before I could draw my knife . . . of course I carry no knife, the knife I keep on the counter . . . the two were gone. Out of that window, across the garden . . . over that wall!"

The heavy American was carted to Camp Hospital 52.

Orderlies, undressing him, summoned one of the sergeants.

"Here, in his breeches pocket," they explained.

Sergeant Casey, D. C. I., picked up a polished silver tablespoon and on the handle, cheaply engraved, he made out the name, "Robinson."

So Private Floyd Harvey, speechless, nearly apoplectic, with a cut gummed on his forehead and a dent in his skull, was removed to the prison ward of the hospital, and two days later came formally to reside in the lock-up room of the secret police, where he talked, but didn't say anything.

He still essayed a smile. Once, in a playful mood, he tried his oldtime joke, showing to a detective sergeant his issue shoes, the biggest pair in France. But real humor seemed to have left the world. His waistline decreased an inch. And finally, on a Friday afternoon, he was conducted into the main office, seated politely in



front of the fire, and shown the silver spoon.

"Where did that come from?" Sergeant Casey asked.

Private Harvey made an effort toward astonishment, but missed it by a meter.

"I'm sure I don't know," he protested. "One of them thugs must of stuck it in my clothes. I'll give you the straight line, sir. I'm absent without leave. Trying to get home, I am, sir. My outfit got off without me and left me in this damn place without a buddy. Man's no good if he's got a Charley horse. But that spoon . . . I never seen it afore!"

Sergeant Casey summoned Mignette.

She flung her beaded handbag at Private Harvey's head when she saw him. Private Harvey stared mildly, but said nothing at first.

"That's the savage!" she screamed. "He's the redfaced criminal! After I patted his cheek . . . gave him wine free . . ."

Private Harvey blushed.

"Never saw that dame afore!" he insisted.

"M'sieur Robinson's big spoons!" Mignette cried, reaching for the prisoner's ear. "Fifty forks and all the extra knives and the leetle sized spoons . . ."

Sergeant Casey separated the lady from Private Harvey's head and led the prisoner back to a cell room. He might be disposed to talk in a day or two. In the meantime, the arrest was made; the D. C. I. was ready for court; papers could be prepared for the judge advocate. It certainly looked bad for Private Harvey.

Poison Whiskey, his nerves calmed, was disposed to aid the police for once. "Outraged!" he felt; so terrible an affair to blacken the name of his shop! He knew well enough how the two assailants of Private Harvey looked! One was tall as a church spire in clothes fit for the rag heap and a pale face and a skittish air. The other was a trimmer scamp. American? *Certainement!* But he spoke French as well as Poison Whiskey did.

A week passed. The two thugs remained out of sight and Private Harvey took in his belt another inch. It rained daily—steady, disheartening French downpours. Roads were soupy with mud. Private Harvey sat in the pantry of the old French house that served for D. C. I. headquarters and watched streams of rain wash down the windows. Agony of spirit kept the smile off his face. He looked as if he'd had a tough siege of it.

Again it was Friday. Nine o'clock at night . . . no one about . . . rain . . . cafés deserted . . . civilians abed. Sergeant Casey yawned.

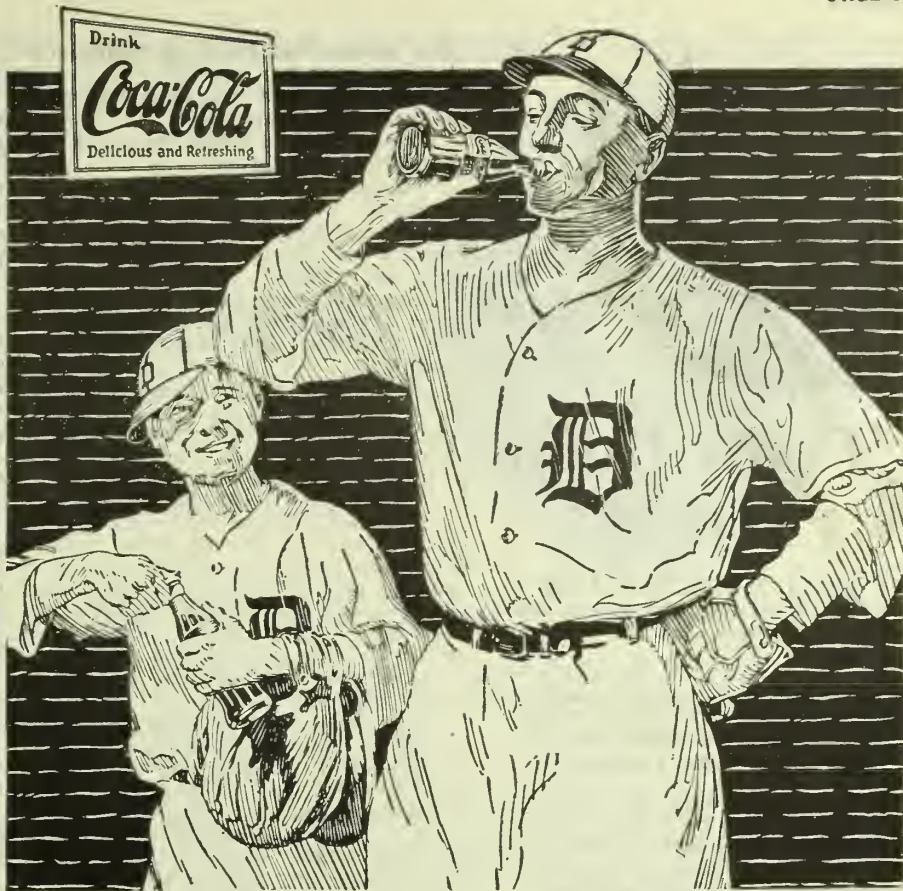
"Guess I'll turn in," he ventured.

A guard room sergeant rapped at the office door.

"That fat goose Harvey wants to talk to you," he informed Sergeant Casey. "He's been blurbin' for an hour. Said the rain made him bawl. Somethin' sure is troublin' him."

Less than ever Private Harvey looked like a fighting man. His voice yodeled. His feet lumbered into innocent chairs as he slumped in an armchair, a picture of misery.

"I'm coming clean," he announced, and blew his nose violently. "Might not do it if the sun'd ever shine. But



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that woman out there at Robinson's! I didn't want her silver!"

"Somebody made you steal it maybe," suggested Sergeant Casey.

Private Harvey seized the straw and overlooked the thrust.

"She made me steal it!" he announced. "Swiped my pocketbook. Sure I had to get even somehow." He cleared his throat. "Sarge, did you ever eat snails?"

Sergeant Casey never had. He began to feel sympathy. Private Harvey described his dinner, omitting nothing.

"That wine she give me was doped," he declared. "Pretty low down, that woman was. I knew I'd been dead, minute I woke up. No need to tell me. I'd been rolled afore!"

"How much?" asked Sergeant Casey.

"Thousand francs and my purple purse," Private Harvey said. "Didn't mind the francs. But that purse! I had my gold initials put on that purse. Well, brass, maybe. 'F. H.' it said. I bought it in Mar-sales. Crimped it clean, she did. Papers and all."

Sergeant Casey thought it time to warn him.

"You know I'll use this against you. You're a long time thinking it up."

"S'truth!" Private Harvey mopped his damp face. "Thousand francs. Purple pocketbook. Papers. Guess even a policeman would've been sore at that, sarge. Couldn't stick around. Didn't have any hawking to meet up with more of the Robinsons."

"So you took all the silver," supplied Sergeant Casey.

"Every stick. I wrapped it up in a tablecloth, stepped out the window and dropped into an old tree. Apple tree, I guess." Harvey stopped and looked at his shoes. "I had ought to have thrown that stuff in the ditch," he reflected. "Right there's where I made my mistake. Might have knowed I'd get caught with the evidence. 'Steard of that I carted it home and parceled it all over my person . . . spoons in my pockets, knives down my breeches leg, forks in my blouse. Mighty uncomfortable."

"Poison Whiskey buys silver," Casey told him quickly.

"Sure. I knew that. So does Louie. But they won't touch this. Said it had a name on it and that makes 'em afraid. I said, 'All right. Plenty sales somewhere else.' Started wrapping it up, I had, when those two other birds come in . . . hit me over the head . . . never saw 'em before in my life . . ."

Sergeant Casey grinned. It was a soggy tale. He did not believe; he did not disbelieve. But it was a quiet night. There was nothing more important to do.

"I'm going out to Restaurant Robinson," he told the sergeant on duty at the desk. "Won't be gone long."

Mud splashed up from his tires as he left the pavement and took to the quiet byroad on which the inn poked up its red brick front. The car skidded across the railroad tracks.

"Turn off your lights and wait here," he bade the driver.

Alone, on foot, he approached the house of Robinson. It was eleven by his illuminated watch. Time for lights to be out. They would not be, he guessed. Mignette had a habit of forgetting the closing hour.

He wiped the mud from his shoes on the grass at the high, bolted gate. Inside the garden, rain rattled down dismally from a rusted eavespout. The establishment was dark facing the road. But there was an apple tree, close under a lightless, upper window. Private Harvey had told a little truth.

Sergeant Casey lingered by the wall. He might crawl over it. Or pull the bell. He decided on the bell, eventually. He crept a dozen steps; then stopped, halted by voices.

A woman was speaking. Not Mignette; Sergeant Casey knew her penetrating voice. This was a servant, talking in lame American.

"How do you know that back way? Mam'selle Mignette, she let no one enter in by that gate . . . nobody!"

"We're in," said a man. "Better get her."

Sergeant Casey's thoughts and feet traveled equally in time. He slipped once, rounding the corner of the wall. Vines grew thick along the stones. Shielded by them was a private rear entrance to Restaurant Robinson.

Sergeant Casey pushed it open. Two men stood in the lighted doorway to the kitchen, one of them more ragged than the other and tall as a church spire. A lamp shone presently in streaks through the shutters of a lower window; a back dining room, he judged. The pair had gone inside. Casey waited, impatiently.

"Non, non, non!" Mignette screamed. "I tell you non! Not the one penny! Keep the silver. I get my money from the American government . . . not the one penny I pay you!"

Sergeant Casey tiptoed into the kitchen. It was clean and deserted. A door swung at the right. He pushed it open softly and entered the dining room.

Mignette saw him come. She stood sternly at a table, in a loose, black gown with a pert white apron over it. Her eyes were frightened. Like Private Harvey, she tried a smile. Her right hand stole to the apron pocket, touched something in it, and withdrew.

"Welcome to Paris!" she cried with her favorite witticism. "You come just in the time . . . in the time for arrest of two bad thieves."

Robinson silver gleamed on the table. The two Americans stood beside the girl. They were unarmed. Windows were shut. Sergeant Casey bade them stand back.

"And now, Mignette," he said very steadily, "kindly hand over that purple pocketbook!"

"M'sieur!"

"Mignette!"

"M'sieur good policeman!"

Surprise did it. Only a moment the girl pouted and squirmed. Then she produced a long purse, a purple leather purse, still nicely fat, with the initials "F. H." worked in gold, or possibly brass.

"How much left?" asked the cruel Sergeant Casey.

"Eight hundred francs," admitted Mignette.

She cried, riding back to headquarters. She blamed the tall American, who blamed his pal, who in turn blamed Private Harvey. Webster, the pair gave their name; brothers.

Mignette confessed before morning. Next day, wearing all black, she started to Belgium, her native land, under



a French police escort. Monsieur Robinson did not sniff when he heard the true story. He put away his silver, and with it an embossed, authoritative order to close his restaurant for one year.

Private Harvey ate a good meal that night. He took again to smiling, and asked Sergeant Casey if ever in his life he had seen a bigger pair of shoes. He was sent home to his mother in up-state New York the next week. He went quite blithely. In his purse, police had found her picture, and other evidence that somehow worked his release. For Sergeant Casey, perusing the papers carefully, made the discovery that Private Harvey, albeit lazy, had prodigious sympathies. His purple purse was very well known to a fatherless family of six in a nearby town. Ragamuffins. Harvey blushed when accused of feeding them.

His eight hundred francs he admitted he had not earned. He suggested, Casey abetting, that they be turned over to the mayor, who should buy milk and cheese for the fatherless. On one particular Private Harvey insisted. He would take home the purple purse.

And the Webster Brothers? A. W. O. L. Thirty days.

Thief stole from thief; other thieves from Harvey. The guilty were not punished to the full extent of the law. But what are police to do, when the whole thing has no better start than Robinson's *escargot*?

## If You Want to Be Famous Be Young

(Continued from page 7)

into being. He, like the Queen of Roumania, was born with a faculty for making interesting any attitude the camera caught; there was action in everything he did, and he was always turning up in new backgrounds and new costumes. His pictures never seemed posed. He did not order out the camera men in battalions to shoot him at a certain hour and in a certain dramatic attitude, by imperial command, as the ex-Kaiser did so often. Year in and year out, from early manhood to the end of his career, photographers sought him eagerly and untiringly until at last the Colonel became a bit jaded at facing their batteries.

"Can it be possible," he burst out on one occasion in the last year of his busy life, "that anyone in the world wants to see another snapshot of me after all the millions you boys have taken of me already?"

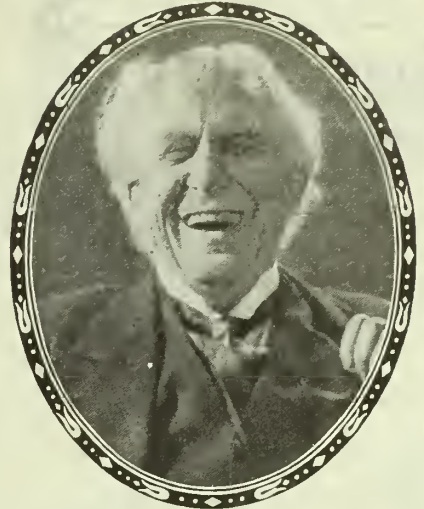
Possible? It was undeniable—and the camera clicked even while he made his weary gesture and put the question.

The photographs accompanying Mr. Cushing's article were supplied by the following agencies, which include some of the ten whose managers he consulted in collecting data on the world's most photographed citizens: President Roosevelt, Underwood and Underwood (copyright); Mrs. Pankhurst, Keystone View Company (copyright); the then German Emperor, Fotograms; Mary Pickford, United Artists; Prince of Wales, Wide World Photos; Helen Wills, Fotograms.

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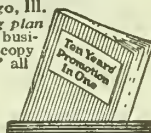
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# \$80,000 to Provide Radio for Disabled Veterans

(Continued from page 11)

as many people. Any politician, stage hero, or champion athlete would give his eyeteeth for such a circle of acquaintances. None of our popular idols are within hooting distance of the same class. Take Babe Ruth, for instance. When the Babe smacks one over the right field fence quite a few of our countrymen feel the thrill, but most of them take it out in reading about it in the papers next morning. Of the few who actually see the great event only some fifty or perhaps a hundred at the outside are ever likely to get close enough to Ruth to hear him say half a dozen words, and those who do are not always spontaneously smitten with affection and admiration. With Roxy it is different. All who listen in on him once are his friends. They swear by him and will do things for him.

Which brings us back to Roxy's big idea and how he put it across. About April, 1924, Roxy was first smitten with the idea that all sick and disabled veterans ought to have radio equipment and with the determination to provide this equipment for them by means of public subscription. As the handling of such a subscription was entirely new to him he proceeded slowly at first, letting the idea develop as he went along. At first he did not attempt systematic work in New York but experimented with a number of other communities. A plan of campaign developed by which Roxy and his Gang would visit a town or city which had expressed the wish to have a radio fund. Securing the support of the newspapers and broadcasting stations in such a city as well as the endorsement of prominent citizens, Roxy and the Gang would give one or more entertainments at which he would explain the Fund and its object, leaving the newspaper and broadcasting station to handle the details after his departure.

The first city visited in this way was Paterson, New Jersey, in May, 1924, where, under the auspices of Paterson Lodge of Elks, Roxy and his Gang put on a show which with the subsequent subscription netted more than enough to provide radio for all of the veteran patients in the State of New Jersey. Encouraged by this success a similar entertainment was held in Rhode Island, with Legion assistance, and a subscription opened there which resulted in a fund of large proportions. Following this the work was begun in Washington, D. C., where an entertainment was given at Poli's Theatre and a subscription opened under the auspices of the Washington Star.

Encouraged by the success of these ventures, Roxy now decided that the time had come to open the campaign in New York City. Securing the support of the New York Sun, he accordingly began a vigorous campaign which from the beginning received the utmost approval and support from his host of friends. All this happened within the period of about a month or two. In fact, money rolled in so rapidly from Roxy fans all over the country that all of Roxy's calculations were upset and funds were available for the beginning

of the practical work of equipping at a much earlier date than had been anticipated.

Feeling that the time had come for a national organization, Roxy made a hasty trip to Washington and secured the support of the Departments of War, Navy and Commerce for his project. As a national committee in control of the fund he secured the secretaries of these three departments together with the surgeons general of the Army and Navy and the commandant of the United States Marine Corps. In addition to this general committee, Roxy secured the appointment of an executive committee consisting of technical experts in the field of radio and experienced organizers to take charge of the work of administering the fund on a national basis.

The national committee as then constituted consisted of John W. Weeks, Secretary of War; Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy; Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce; Major General John A. Lejeune, Commandant, United States Marine Corps; Major General Merritt W. Ireland, Surgeon General, United States Army; and Rear Admiral E. R. Stitt, Surgeon General, United States Navy. The executive committee consisted of C. H. Pope, representing the New York Sun, chairman; John H. Craig, representing the Commandant of the United States Marine Corps, vice-chairman; R. A. Collins, representing Mr. Rothafel, secretary; Captain Paul Edwards, Signal Corps, representing the Secretary of War; E. A. Crossley, Naval Research Laboratory, representing the Secretary of the Navy; E. L. Woods, of Washington Naval Hospital, representing the Surgeon General of the Navy, and Dr. C. B. Jolliffe of the Bureau of Standards, representing the Secretary of Commerce.

Meantime new subscription centers had been started in Boston for the New England States and in Chicago for the Middle West, under the auspices of the Chicago Evening News. In all of the localities where it had been started reports showed the fund in thriving condition with subscriptions pouring in to the tune of thousands of dollars every day.

According to the plan of administration adopted it was the function of the radio experts of the Central Executive Committee to test all pieces of radio equipment submitted to them and determine those best suited for the requirement of the work. In addition, an elaborate survey blank was prepared which was sent to each hospital to be equipped. So thorough and exhaustive was the blank that when filled in by the physician in charge of the hospital or one of his assistants, entire equipment could be ordered for the hospital without the necessity of a visit by an expert. Through the courtesy of the government officials in charge of the hospitals where veterans were located members of the engineering staffs were assigned to the duty of installing radio equipment thus ordered, which reduced the work of the central committee to collecting information from the blanks



and sending out orders for material, which when delivered to the hospital authorities was installed by them.

By this method 462 groups of veterans were supplied with radio equipment. These groups ranged in number from two to 1,400 and included equipment to be used under the most diversified conditions. For each group a receiving set was planned by the central committee of experts as best adapted to its need, ranging from small crystal sets supplied in the cases where only one or two veterans were to be served up to the huge and complicated plants at the larger government hospitals. By early autumn of 1924 more than \$100,000 had been subscribed, and by the time of the termination of the work more than a quarter of a million dollars had been raised.

Late in the present spring calls for equipment began to come in more slowly and a majority of those which did come in were from Southern and Western States. As neither Roxy nor the committee were adequately represented in these portions of the country much difficulty was experienced, and it became increasingly evident that a broader organization would have to be found to carry on the work.

In this juncture The American Legion was suggested, with its representatives in every State and district, and its posts in practically every city, town and hamlet in the United States. The suggestion met with the unanimous approval both of Roxy and the New York Sun and of the official committees co-operating in the work, with the result that on April 27th of the present year the transfer was formally made. At that time Maurice Judd, Washington correspondent of the New York Sun, visited the Legion's National Headquarters at Indianapolis on behalf of Roxy and the Sun and officially turned over a check for funds remaining unexpended, amounting to more than \$80,000, thus putting a period to the work in its initial phase and inaugurating its beginning in the hands of the Legion and The American Legion Weekly.

*Next week Mr. Craig will give a detailed description of the radio reception plant installed at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, which is the model for the larger type of hospitals which will be served by the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly.*

## DEPARTMENT CONVENTIONS

ARKANSAS: El Dorado, September 7.  
CALIFORNIA: Avalon, Catalina Island, Sept. 15-17 (40 & 8 Conv.-Sept. 14).  
COLORADO: Boulder, Sept. 11-13.  
CONNECTICUT: New London, Aug. 27-29.  
GEORGIA: Rome, Aug. 19-21.  
HAWAII: Honolulu, Aug. 24-25.  
IDAHO: Hailey, August 6-8.  
ILLINOIS: Quincy, August 31-Sept. 1.  
INDIANA: Fort Wayne, August 24-25.  
IOWA: Council Bluffs, Oct. 2-3.  
KANSAS: Chanute, September 7-9.  
KENTUCKY: Mt. Sterling, August 31-September 2.  
LOUISIANA: Shreveport, August 6-8.  
MAINE: Old Orchard Beach, Sept. 7-9.  
MARYLAND: Hagerstown, August 27-29.  
MASSACHUSETTS: Boston, September 10-12.  
MICHIGAN: Bay City, September 7-8.  
MINNESOTA: Thief River Falls, Aug. 10-12.  
MISSOURI: Springfield, August 10-12.

MONTANA: Dillon, August 13-15.  
NEVADA: Fallon, Sept. 3-5.  
NEW HAMPSHIRE: The Weirs, August 25-27.  
NEW JERSEY: Bridgeton, August 27-29.  
NEW MEXICO: Santa Fe, September 17-19.  
NEW YORK: New York, September 10-12.  
NORTH CAROLINA: Fayetteville, Sept. 7-8.  
OHIO: Chillicothe, August 24-25.  
OKLAHOMA: Pawhuska, Sept. 6-8.  
PENNSYLVANIA: Erie, August 20-22.  
RHODE ISLAND: Pawtucket, Aug. 28-29.  
SOUTH CAROLINA: Charleston, Aug. 6-7.  
TENNESSEE: Nashville, Sept. 21-22.  
TEXAS: Fort Worth, Sept. 2-4.  
UTAH: Brigham City, August 6-8.  
VERMONT: St. Albans, August 25-26.  
VIRGINIA: Staunton, August 10-12.  
WASHINGTON: Port Angeles, August 13-15.  
WEST VIRGINIA: Martinsburg, Aug. 17-19.  
WISCONSIN: Stevens Point, August 20-22.  
WYOMING: Lander, August 10-11.

## T A P S

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this department. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

FELICE DiBARI, Corporal Russell D. Sprague Post, Liberty, N. Y. D. July 10, aged 41. Served in Army.  
ARTHUR R. DOUGHERTY, General John Swift Post, Chicago, Ill. D. May 18. Served in A. E. F.  
LEO EISENSTEIN, Ingersoll-Walthour Post, Philadelphia, Pa. D. June 9, aged 31.  
GUST ELKA, William Robideau Post, International Falls, Minn. Killed in auto accident, July 4. Served in 82d Div.  
SMITH EWTON, Lester Harris Post, National Sanatorium, Tenn. D. Apr. 13, aged 34. Served in Army.  
JAMES J. FEELEY, Acacia Post, Denver, Colo. D. June 24, aged 35. Served in Co. C, 337th Inf., 85th Div.  
MAX FORSTEIN, Fidelity Post, New York City. D. June 8. Served with Co. L, 115th Inf.  
CHESTER G. HARRIS, Oles-Reader Post, Truman, Minn. Accidentally killed at Indianapolis, Ind., Mar. 16, aged 24. Served in Navy.  
CRELL C. HIATT, Valley Post, Glasgow, Mont. D. May 31.  
HARRY B. HOSKINS, J. Coleman Prince Post, New London, Conn. D. June 30. Served in U. S. N. R. F.  
ARTHUR A. HOUSEL, Jewell Buckman Post, Holley, N. Y. D. May 7. Served with Co. I, 809th Inf., 78th Div.

REX M. ICKES, Dubuque (Ia.) Post. D. at Covington, La., July 9.  
LOUIS H. JANACEK, Hodgeons Post, Hallettsville, Tex. D. July 8, aged 32. Served with M. G. Co., 143d Inf.  
ROGER JEFFERSON, Frank Miles Post, Black River Falls, Wis. D. at Selby, Cal., May 29, aged 31. Lieut., 89th Div.  
FRED W. KENNY, Manila (P. I.) Post. D. May 25.  
EDWIN A. KETZER, Oles-Reader Post, Truman, Minn. Accidentally killed, June 12, aged 34. Served in Q. M. C., Ft. Reno, Okla.  
ALEXANDER LALOUDAS, Avery W. Putnam Post, Rutland, Mass. D. June 13, aged 28. Served in Army.  
JOSEPH LEMASURIER, Richmond (Va.) Post. D. June 4. Served in Army.  
EDWARD LESER, Pulaski Post, Chicago, Ill. D. June 30, aged 31. Served in Army.  
JOHN LINDBLAD, Dallas McGoethlen Post, White Bluffs, Wash. Killed by well cave-in, Dec. 29, aged 32. Served at Camp Lewis, Wash.  
W. F. MAWYER, Floyd Davison Post, Buena Vista, Va. D. Apr. 26. Served at Naval Base, Hampton Roads, Va.  
EVERETT M. MEEKS, Charles Burkett Post, Thayer, Mo. D. Mar. 27, aged 28. Served with Co. F, 110th Eng., 35th Div.  
WILLIAM B. MCCLAIN, Leviathan Post, Waterville, Wash. D. June 30, aged 30. Served with Co. C, 43d Bn., U. S. Guards.  
JONATHAN MORGAN, Hayden (Ariz.) Post. D. June 28. Served with Co. B, 27th Eng.  
HARRY M. PAYNE, Bunt Brewer Post, Tannersville, N. Y. Killed accidentally, July 6, aged 28. Served in Army.

## GERMAN ARMY OFFICERS' FIELD GLASSES FREE TRIAL



8 power \$9.85 If you wish to keep them

Free trial coupon will bring you these genuine German War Glasses purchased at exceptionally advantageous rates of exchange.  
Manufactured by most prominent of German optical factories. Many were received direct from the Allied Reparations Commission. Conservative \$20.00 value.  
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Shipped promptly on receipt of attached coupon on 5 days' free trial. If satisfied send check or money order for \$9.85. Order your field glasses today.

### HENDERSON BROTHERS

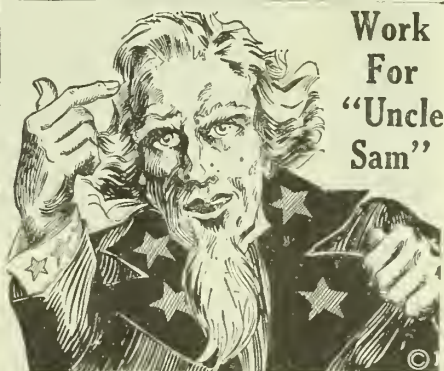
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Gentlemen:  
Please send me on 5 days' free trial one pair German Army Officer's war glasses. After 5 days' trial I will either return glasses or remit \$9.85.

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Work For "Uncle Sam"

## EX-SERVICE MEN Become Railway Mail Clerks \$1900 to \$2700 Year

Steady Work No Layoffs Paid Vacations Common education sufficient.

Ex-Service Men get special preference. Mail coupon today—SURE.

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Sirs: Send me, without charge, (1) Sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions; (2) List of Government jobs now obtainable; (3) Information regarding preference to ex-service men.

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# Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

## An Ounce of Prevention

"Paw?"  
 "Now what?"  
 "Why didn't Noah swat both the flies when he had such a good chance?"  
 "You go to bed, young man!"

## Completely Plastered

[Ad in *Amarillo (Texas) Globe*]

WANTED—Couple to rent two rooms in brick garage, plastered with lights, water, gas, or will exchange for laundry and housework.

## The Good Samaritan

May: "Why is Mildred so angry?"  
 Aliee: "I took her part."  
 "She shouldn't be angry at that."  
 "Well—this was in the play we are going to give."

## This Demands a Diagnosis

[From *Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post*]

Prof. John Thomas is still the captain of his soul, if not the master of his fate.

## Variety, Anyway

The picnic party had reached the shady grove, the basket had been opened and all was in readiness, when Mrs. Bowyer gave a sudden gasp.

"John," she cried, "I'll bet you've forgotten the can opener again!"  
 "No, I didn't," retorted her husband triumphantly. "I just forgot the cans."

## "A Personal Experience"

(New Jersey school composition)

Last year when we had a vacation went swimming with a boy when we stayed there we caught four blood suckers we wanted to sell them so we went to Passaic we got tired of walking and we couldn't sell so we threw it away next we didn't know what to do so I said let's go home and by the way he said he had a birthday party yesterday and got 4 dollars but it was not true I believed it he said let's go and see what they have in this 5 and 10c store he told me to wait out side and he'll buy me some thing and I said all right he went in and stole one watch a pair of eye glasses and the man who owned the store caught him and the boy said I told him to steal so we went to the police station they put us in the collar for 2 days and they found out it was not my fault so they let me out but the other boy was there for a week and a half but when he came home he got the worst spanken he ever had and went to confession and said he would never go robbing again.

## A Man of Few Words

[Ad in the *Chicago Sunday Tribune*]

SALESMAN—Respon. Unempl. Chi. Mgr., personality plnt., selling merchants slogan display cards, etc.; U must have \$50. More stock advanced free on sat. see. Give ref., res., ph.

## Wild Willie

Little Willie had a fight  
 Coming home from church at night;  
 Told the folks his missing tooth  
 Would be found in t'other youth.

—C. L. A.

## All in One Breath

[Letter to *Montreal Star* advice-dispenser]

When you like a girl and you don't know whether she likes you, how could you find out her feelings? Do you think it is wrong to take a girl's arm when com-

ing home from house parties in the winter? I will be sixteen in about nine months. Do you think I should wear long pants, if I don't wear them to school?

## Explained

Mr. Suburbs: "Why is dinner an hour late?"

Mrs. Suburbs: "I ran over to Mrs. Nearson's to borrow an egg."

## Fie! Fie!

[Ad in *Lewistown (Pa.) Sentinel*]

"Bobbed Hosies"  
 Complete Showing  
 \$1.00 to \$1.65

## Convinced

"Are you getting anything out of that course in salesmanship?"

"Not much. I'm afraid I'll never be one-tenth as good a salesman as the man who sold me the course."

## Out of Bounds

"Hello, there," hailed the motorist. "I'm lost."

"Haw, haw, thass a good one," guffawed the native. "To think one of you city fellers would get lost here in Cross Timbers!"

## Too Late

"Well," sighed the chap, "since you don't want to marry me, perhaps you will return the ring?"

"If you must know," snapped the girl, "your jeweler has already called for it."

## Our Prize Guessing Contest

[Ad in *Richmond (Ky.) Daily Register*]

LOST—Little dog on fist or shepherd order yellow and white spotted. Answers to name snowball. Chester Green on collar. Reward.

## The Minority

Oh, he was a trusted employee,

With a life in obscurity spent;

He found 'twas his lot to be wholly forgot,  
 For he never embezzled a cent.

—J. H. S.

## Did He Finish?

"It's an ill wind," said the Kansas farmer, as his nagging wife disappeared in the tornado.

## The Snappy Comeback

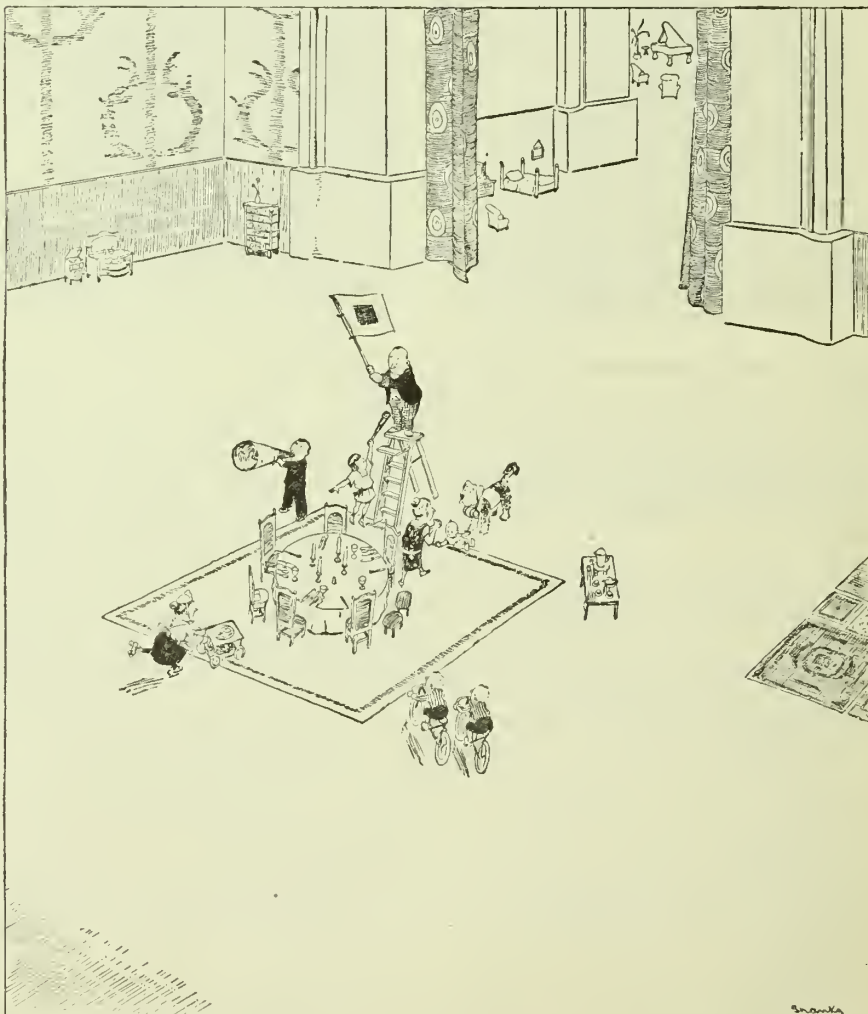
"So you wash your own handkerchiefs, do you?" sneered Mazie, the chorine, as she walked into the dressing room.

"You don't think I'd wash anybody else's, do you?" countered her bosom friend, Irene.

## Not Fussy

[Ad in *Aberdeen (S. C.) Evening News*]

WANTED—Night cook, man or woman preferred.



The rooms in the new house, if we could believe the real estate agent



# The Legion Book Service



THE outstanding success of this department of The American Legion Weekly has been due to the loyal support of six hundred and fifty thousand Legionnaires. Buying books through the time and money saving channels of The Legion Book Service, these Legionnaires and their friends have found that "Courtesy" and "Efficiency" are synonymous.

The accompanying list of books is appended in order to acquaint you with the scope of this Department.

Between Shots—The screamingly funny drawings of Capt. P. L. Crosby, 77th Div. A. E. F.-----\$1.50  
 The War, The World, and Wilson—Creel ----- 1.50  
 As We See It—Viviani----- 5.00  
 True Adventures of the Secret Service—By Major C. E. Russell----- 2.00  
 Business Man's Dictionary and Guide to English ----- 3.00  
 War Memories—By F. A. Holden  
 Leather Bound ----- 2.00  
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The Turn of the Tide—Story of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 26th, 28th, 32nd and 42nd Divisions—by Lieut. Col. Jennings ----- 1.60  
 The Artilleryman—129th Artillery, 35th Division—By Jay M. Lee----- 3.00  
 Through the Wheat—83rd Co., 6th Marines—By Thomas Boyd----- 1.75  
 History of the 36th Division----- 3.00  
 Rainbow Bright—The history of the 42nd Division ----- 2.10  
 Plumes—By Lawrence Stallings, author of "What Price Glory?"----- 2.10

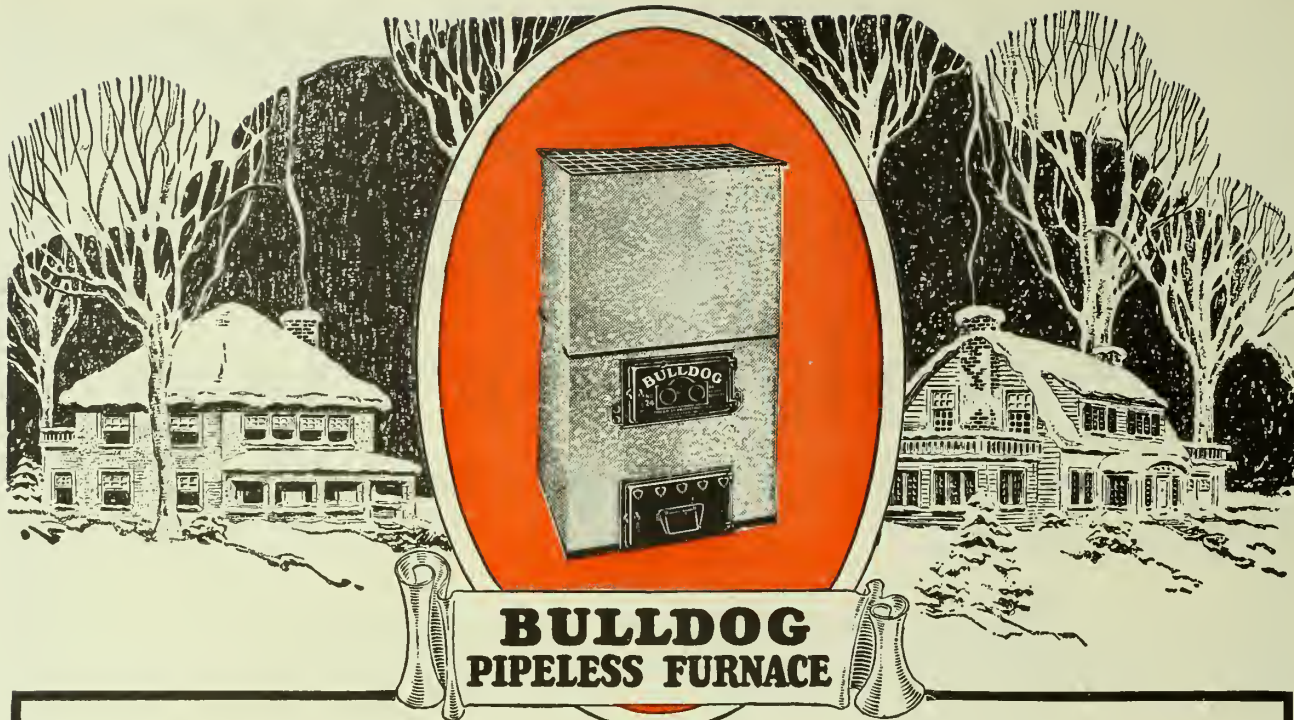
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## BULLDOG PIPELESS FURNACE

# Heats Home for 25¢ a Week!

"I can run my Bulldog furnace for fourteen days in normal weather conditions on the actual cost of fifty cents." So writes F. R. Redetzke, of Cleveland, North Dakota, and he adds: "Hard to believe is it? That's what some of my neighbors thought until I showed them! We have an unlimited amount of grain screenings in this country. That's the fuel I am using."

That's what the Bulldog does with about the lowest grade fuel you can think of! Here's what it does with coal:

### 2½ Tons Heats 5 Rooms

"There is no heater to compare with the Bulldog. I burned 2½ tons of coal last winter and heated 5 rooms and bath."—Walter Geary, Gloucester, Mass.

### Heats Seven Rooms Instead of One!

"Your letter received asking about the Bulldog Furnace. We have had ours in about six weeks and so far it does all Babson Bros. claim for it. We have seven rooms, four on the first floor and three on the second, and it heats them fine. We find it takes a little more coal to heat the whole house than it did to heat one room with a stove using chestnut coal." J. B. Smith, 19 Elm St., Somerville, N. J.

### Cuts Coal Bill in Half!

"I had a hot air furnace in our 7-room house before I got the Bulldog and our house was always cold. With the Bulldog it only takes *half as much coal* and we had weather below zero, and the house was nice and warm in the morning when we got up. We never have the draft on more than half an hour at a time, and it has the place red hot. It keeps the fire all day in mild weather." — Jess T. Conrad, 1211 W. Arch St., Shamokin, Pa.

# No Money Down!

**Comes Completely Erected. Install It Yourself**

The Bulldog is sent to you for *free inspection*. Then, if satisfied, you make only small monthly payments at our remarkably low price. Write today! *Don't* miss this chance to cut down your fuel bills! *Install a Bulldog Furnace*. It comes to you completely erected — goes through any door — fits any height of basement — and you install it yourself in less than two hours! In fact, H. B. Keater, of Libertyville, N. Y., says he installed his

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## Send for FREE Book

Learn how to have all the heat you want—where you want it—and save money! Remember the Bulldog is *different*—and *better*! Complete combustion of gases save 25% of your fuel bill. Exclusive Gable-Top Radiator receives *all* the direct rays of the fire. Exclusive oblong fire-pot is not only ideal for coal, but enables you to keep a wood fire over night. Remember—the Bulldog is sent for *free inspection*—then small monthly payments at an amazingly low price! Send for Free Book TODAY!

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Without obligating me in any way, please send me your free catalog and special offer on the Bulldog Pipeless Furnace.

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